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Seven Times A Charm



*A
Bedtime
Tale by
Michele Iniola*

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**Seven Times A Charm
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Seven Times A Charm

By

Michele Imiola

Sonja White walked quietly through the old Victorian house she shared with her roommates. It was still early, almost six in the morning. Sonja liked the early hour, the peace, the quiet, the solitude and chance to only think about things she wanted to concentrate on. No one was up to fight with over the bathroom and Sonja never had a problem getting a seat at the table at this time of day. Plus, it was quiet, actually it was beyond quiet. Not that Sonja minded living with seven men, in fact, she loved living with them. But this was the only time they were not up and about, sending her hormones into overdrive.

The coffee pot was brewing; the timer set for five-forty-five each morning, ready to give Sonja the wake-up jolt she needed before she started her day. She sat looking down the long table, reminiscing about how she came to live with seven men. Seven very different, very exciting men.

Sonja had been a college freshman and lived in the dorm with Shelby Beauty. The two princesses had shared a room like normal college students except Shelby never left it. Sonja couldn't figure out how Shelby was passing her classes but despite sleeping the day away Shelby had managed it. One afternoon after a class, Sonja went back to the dorm. Surprisingly Shelby was up and her bags packed, which was

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totally unexpected. "I'm moving back home," she told a speechless Sonja. Since childhood, these two women had conspired, along with the rest of their princess friends to break the mold. They vowed they would get out from under the firm control their parents had on them and become their own person. Sonja thought that by living with Shelby, they could help each other break that control. Instead, Shelby was running back to it.

"Why?" Sonja asked. They could do anything they wanted and in fact, had recently lost their virginity to two NHL hockey players the previous weekend. It had been more than exciting to have been deflowered by the wild left-winger and Sonja had hoped it would be the start of a long line of men.

"I can't sleep here," Shelby answered. "Every time I get comfortable, I hear a door slamming shut or someone screaming in the hall. I need to get some sleep and this isn't working, I'm going home." Sonja didn't think Shelby needed any more sleep. She slept close to twenty-plus hours a day. She thought Shelby needed to get off her ass instead of sleeping. However, Shelby was beyond stubborn, she was very spoiled and Sonja wasn't about to tread on her fantasy world. Sonja had her own to worry about.

"What about your degree?" Sonja asked. It was another vow each princess had made. They would all get their degrees in something they wanted, not what their parents dictated to them.

"It's almost done," Shelby said. That Sonja believed. She'd never met a princess before who could speed-read and absorb material faster than Shelby. She made Sonja, who was also a financial wizard, seem slow.

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"I'll miss you," Sonja said, taking Shelby into her arms, hugging one of her closest friends.

"You'll do fine. They'll get you another roommate and the two of you can go clubbing and man-hunting," Sonja nodded, not happy with the new roommate part.

A week later, grunge-sister Viola moved in and Sonja's life went to hell. She held on as long as she could but after finding the tenth used condom in her bed, she looked for a way out. She found a house that had a room for rent and she turned in her paperwork to have a security check done by the respective owner. Sonja didn't care who she would actually be living with. All she cared about was that she would have her own room and her own condoms, if that was her desire, to worry about.

Much to her surprise on the day she started moving into the room, Sonja found that she had in fact rented a room with seven male housemates...seven very male college students who had hated dorm life almost as much as she had. They instantly hit it off and Sonja was sure she was going to love living with seven men. That was, until Sean, who was the oldest at the time and the actual owner of the gigantic Victorian, made an announcement in her second week of living there. They were all gathered around the kitchen table eating when he spoke. Sonja wondered if this was a regular event but the look of surprise on each man's face let her know this was a first.

"I just want to make sure we all understand the rule," Sean said. Sonja noticed that Sean was dead serious. Since meeting him weeks before, he seemed like a happy-go-lucky kind of man so his serious tone made her think. She'd read the contract she signed for her room so she

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wasn't too sure what rule he was talking about. The rule Sean was addressing was the one that stated: "No one will date anyone else in this house." Every set of testosterone laden eyes fell on Sonja. Oh shit!!!

No one questioned the rule, especially Sonja. She had her own room and that was all that mattered. She could come and go as she pleased and screw who she wanted. She wasn't interested in dating the seven men she lived with. At least, she was pretty sure she wasn't interested.

Now, four years later, she wasn't sure she could take much more. Sure, she dated and saw her share of men but it never lasted. She'd bring a guy home, maybe sleep with him but come next morning, she'd never hear from him again. Sonja knew she was attractive with her short wavy black hair and her blue eyes. She knew men eyed her slim, toned body. The sounds the men made during sex might have been faked but she didn't think so. It had to be something else. Sonja decided she had to find out exactly what the problem was and soon or she was going to break the rule about not fucking her roommates.

And that was a big problem on its own. I mean which one should she pick? Should there be an order maybe, like who she met first, who carried in most of her stuff when she arrived? She just wasn't sure which one to pick. She thought they were all handsome and sexy, even Aidan who was the shortest of the bunch at five-seven. He could look her square in the eye but that in itself was enticing. Every man was different in so many ways. If she was to bottle up the perfect man, she would use these seven separate men for the basic formula.

Sonja knew she had to pick one because she was dying from

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frustration. She hadn't been fucked in what seemed like ages and she wanted it bad. All her girlfriends were finding the man of their dreams; why not her? She just needed to take the edge off so she could find Mr. Right instead of being desperate and taking Mr. Right Now.

She could pick Ethan, the doctor. He was certainly a good catch being a gynecologist. Sonja bet he knew his way around a woman's body and which buttons to press. She just hoped he wouldn't be too clinical when he gave her an orgasm.

There was Flynn who ran a street sweeping business. Funny but Sonja had never thought of street sweeping as an occupation until she met Flynn. After hearing what his company made to clean out parking lots while people slept, she was sure Flynn wasn't as dopey as he pretended to be. Maybe she underestimated the fun she could have with a simple man.

Wyatt was also a doctor but one for the nose. She could never remember his specialty was but she knew he wasn't a plastic surgeon or she'd have had him fix that little tip at the end of her nose that always annoyed her. No, Wyatt was an allergist which probably suited him very well since he was always sneezing. She tried to help him figure out exactly what he was allergic to but they never had any success. He just sneezed and she hoped he didn't do that in the middle of sex. She bet it was a turn off...then again at the point of penetration a sneeze may be the ticket to success.

Sonja could pick Doyle but he was always in a bad mood. She couldn't understand what made him so grumpy but no matter when she saw him, Doyle was bitching about something. Hell, he'd probably bitch

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about having sex with her. He was a nighttime DJ, talking over the air with other men who wanted to bitch which Sonja thought was perfect for him. She could always tie him up and gag him if he wouldn't shut up.

Aidan might be a good choice but he was always so bashful around her. Sonja would smile while he got tongue-tied just saying hello. She'd once gone to an auction where he worked and heard him auctioning off items at such a rapid pace, she had trouble placing the man she tried to talk to each and every day with the job he did. She knew he dated and she'd heard female screams coming from his room during the night. Maybe he wasn't so bashful after all.

She thought of Carson and then thought he was probably more suited for Shelby. He was the only one she knew who could rival her sleepy friend for number of hours slept in a given day. Sonja never really understood what Carson did. He rarely left the house but had plenty of friends who visited but never stayed. They'd drop in; go up to Carson's room on the top floor and just as quickly leave. It seemed to work for him and he always paid his rent money on time so no one said anything. Sonja bet if she had sex with Carson he'd sleep right through it.

Which left Sean. Mr. Happy-Go-Lucky who laid down the rule of no sex between roommates and Sonja just couldn't take it any more. She needed to have sex, hair raising...stop the clock sex, more than she needed to breathe and if it didn't happen soon, she knew she was going to die. Sean just might be the man for the job; he was happy even when the plumbing was acting up or his favorite football team was getting its butt kicked. She bet sex would be more fun with Sean than the other six.

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He made even the most trivial situation exciting. Sonja thought it was because he was a principal at a private school, having to keep a smile on his face when he really wanted to thrash his students.

Sonja looked up, her lustful thoughts of her housemates disturbed, when she heard the door to the kitchen catch as someone put their key in the lock. She saw Doyle enter. His annoyed face didn't detract from his dark features. He was a sexy man with brown hair down to his shoulders and eyes just as dark. The pupils had that never ending golden fleck that caught every light ray in the room...very sexy. He had a six-in-the-morning shadow after a night of working but still very sexy in a lumberjack sort of way. He strolled into the kitchen throwing a six-pack on the counter. Sonja looked at his stomach, it was tight and firm and she felt her insides rumble with excitement. He was wearing a polo shirt that hugged even inch of his chest and his well-worn jeans looked like a second skin.

"Morning," Sonja said somberly with no inflection. She could get all cheery and try to brighten his day but she knew it was wasted effort. Doyle just grumbled. "How was last night?" She listened to his show every once in a while but they mostly talked about cars and the only thing that interested her about a vehicle was having sex in the back seat.

"A bloody nightmare," Doyle said as he grabbed a bowl and then a box of *Wheaties* and set them on the table. He opened the fridge and grabbed the milk. "What can be so bad about cars?" Sonja asked. *Maybe some guy gave bad advice and a car blew up.* Doyle poured his cereal, added the milk and started eating. In between chews he explained. "We were talking about carburetors and some dude called in,

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talking about some Chevy he owned years ago and then the topic changed when another called in about his Chevy and the girl who gave him a blow-job," he said as he shoveled in another spoonful.

"Blow job?" Sonja asked as she laughed.

"Yeah, blow job and it went to hell after that. Each call was about blow jobs and the stories didn't end until I went off the air." He shoveled in another scoop and chewed.

"It doesn't sound so bad," she offered. In fact, a blow job sounded good right about now.

"Not so fucking bad?" he asked as milk streamed down his chin. He pushed back his chair and said, "Take a look at that." Sonja looked at his lap where his jeans were tight and she saw the outline of his man tool straining hard against his zipper. She felt her pussy tighten quickly. "I've had a goddamn hard-on all night." Sonja looked at his cock and back at his face. He looked more than grumpy. Doyle looked like he was in pain.

"I could, um...help you with that," she said not thinking farther than a blow-job. Doyle stopped chewing and stared at Sonja. "I mean, it looks painful and after a night like you've had, Doyle, no one should suffer, especially you." He nodded because his mouth was still full.

"Why don't you unzip for me," Sonja said as she slid off her chair and walked over to Doyle. She untied her short bathrobe and stood in her baby doll nightie. It was hot pink and very sheer. She knew he could see every part of her body under the flimsy material. He unsnapped his jeans and then lowered his zipper as Sonja knelt before him.

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"Lift up," Sonja said and when Doyle did she pulled his jeans and his underwear down and froze. Doyle was huge and very hard. She licked her lips when she looked back at Doyle's face. His eyes were wide with surprise and he still had milk on his chin. She wiped it off with her thumb and stuck it into her mouth and then grabbed his cock with her hand. She smiled as she leaned over and licked the length. It was a long lick. Doyle let out a groan, quickly chewing the rest of his *Wheaties* when Sonja put him in her mouth.

She sighed as her tongue moved quickly over his hard flesh. It had been too long since she sucked anyone's cock and Doyle was the perfect man to give a blow job. He was primed and it wouldn't take much to put him over the edge. She worked quickly, rapidly moving up and down, taking as much of him into her mouth, jamming the head of his cock against the back of her throat and sucking hard. She wanted him to come and she wanted him to come quickly before anyone else woke up and realized she'd broken the cardinal rule.

Doyle breathed heavily, his hips pushing towards Sonja as if he was trying to crawl inside her one inch of cock at a time. She let him go, let him lead the pace as he fucked her mouth. She sucked when he slid in deep, using her tongue and lips to hold him and then felt the first shot of his cum as it hit her tongue. She swallowed quickly, wanting more and on the next pass, he shot more than a scoopful and then again and again, each thrust delivering exactly what she wanted. Suddenly the kitchen door opened and Flynn entered.

He stared at Sonja on her knees, her lips wrapped around Doyle's cock.

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"Tell me this isn't what it looks like and that's not cum on your lips," he said, his face a dopey grin. His shoulder length blonde hair was tied back and his blue eyes were sparkling mischievously. Sonja pulled back as she swallowed and flicked her tongue to her lip. Yes, it was warm and sticky and she licked it off.

She stood up and looked at Doyle who for once didn't seem grumpy anymore. He looked relaxed leaning back in the chair, his pants around his ankles and his cock becoming limp. He had a silly grin on his face as he looked over at Flynn and then back to her.

"Is it my turn?" Flynn asked. Sonja jolted awake quickly to that comment and realized her days in this house were numbered. Suddenly worried she quickly fled the room. She didn't want to move; she loved living here. She just wanted a man, one who was there every day and who wanted to be as much a part of her life as she wanted him to be. Now she'd have to find new digs and still try to find a man.

"What the fuck did you say that for?" she heard Doyle yell at Flynn. Sonja stopped in her tracks outside the kitchen, keeping her back to the wall. She wanted to hear just how much trouble she was in for.

"Well, I thought, you know, maybe she wouldn't mind giving me one too," Flynn said dumbly. "How was it?"

Doyle said nothing for a second and she wished he would speak. She wanted to know if men never called back because she didn't really know how to give a decent blow job or was she just lousy in bed?

"That has to have been the best blow job I've ever had in my entire life," Doyle admitted and Sonja let out a silent cheer. See, she was good at one part of sex but that still didn't explain why men never called her

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back for a second date.

"Maybe I'll get one tomorrow," Flynn said. Sonja wasn't sure what tomorrow would bring but she definitely needed to think about it. Flynn was just as hot as Doyle but she hadn't expected Flynn to find out about her little fling with Doyle in the kitchen. She needed to think. She quickly ran up the stairs to the bathroom. Somebody had just taken a shower because there was steam flowing out the door.

Sonja opened it wide and saw it was empty. She quickly closed the door and locked it. She started to undress and then noticed the mirror that had steamed up. Someone had drawn a penis and two balls with the words, 'Fuck Me', written below it. Sonja wished she knew which of the remaining five had written it. She'd hunt them down right now and fuck them alright. She started to panic, wondering if anyone else had seen her sucking Doyle's cock. All she could think about were that her days in this lovely home were numbered.

* * *

Work was the same as ever but Sonja was having trouble concentrating. She added the tally sheet, looking at the bottom line and then decided she had to redo the numbers. She was a financial analyst and her job was to find ways to make her clients money, not lose it. She needed to pay closer attention to the details of this worksheet but the only thing she had been able to concentrate on all was Doyle's cock and how well it fit in her mouth this morning. She wondered what it would feel like in her pussy. She rubbed her ass against the chair, feeling the

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leather rub her pussy through her skirt. Her phone began to ring..."Oh, now what?"

"Sonja White," she said into the phone.

"It's Ethan." Sonja smiled. She liked Ethan. He had a very caring nature. Even after completing his degree and becoming a doctor, he still lived in the house even though he could afford a place of his own. He said he didn't want to upset the apple cart since everyone got along so well. Sonja thought he'd really miss all the camaraderie they had.

"This is a nice surprise," she commented. Every once in a while, she would get phone calls from the guys asking her to pick up something at the grocery store or to meet them somewhere for dinner so Ethan's call wasn't out of the ordinary.

"Actually, I need a favor," Ethan said.

"Sure. What is it?"

"Can you stop by my office after work? I've got a problem that only a woman can help me with," Ethan told her.

"Care to share what the problem is?"

"It'll wait till you get here. Can you make it by five?" Sonja looked at the clock. It was four-thirty now. She looked at the worksheet she had been struggling with all day.

"Sure, I'll leave now." These numbers could wait; maybe tomorrow she would be able to concentrate better. She really needed to get her head straight about what happened with Doyle and the fact that she could be sleeping in her car tonight if Sean found out she had broken the rules.

"I'll see you then."

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Sonja entered Ethan's office expecting to find Rosemary, his secretary, waiting to greet her but the office was empty. She walked to Ethan's private office and saw him behind his desk. At her approach he looked up.

"Right on time," he said standing. "Come this way." He led Sonja to one of the two patient rooms adjoining his office.

"If you would, Sonja, could you please put on that gown and I'll be right back." Ethan turned to leave.

"You want me to take off my clothes?" she asked. "Why?" Ethan paused and Sonja studied his features. He stood close to six feet with sandy brown hair he wore short. His wire spectacles made Sonja think 'smart' and he was certainly that. When he smiled his two dimples made her think 'cute' and when she saw him walk out of the shower wrapped only in a towel, he made her think 'hot'.

"A patient said I lack a sensitive touch and I wanted to make sure I take care of my patients. I thought I'd do a mock exam with you, just to see where my technique is lacking." Sonja thought for a second. Maybe he wasn't so clinical after all. He seemed like he really cared about his patients.

"Okay," she said as she started to unbutton her silk blouse. "You want me completely naked?"

"Yes, but turn the garment around so the flaps open in the front." Ethan shut the door as he left and Sonja took off her clothes, folding them like she always did when she went to the doctors. She pulled on the cotton gown, thinking to herself that it would be really great if someone would design these things in silk or something a little more

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delicate to the skin. At least she was just glad it wasn't one of those flimsy paper things. Sitting up on the examination table, she tried to conceal herself the best she could with the flaps in the front.

"Ready?" Ethan asked as he opened the door again. Sonja nodded to him. "Good; I'm Doctor Ethan and I'll be giving you an exam today."

"Don't say that," Sonja said with a laugh. "We know why we're here. Just say 'hi' or 'good-morning'. Put us at ease." Ethan paused as he listened and then nodded.

"Hi, I'm Ethan," he said as he moved towards the table. "How are you feeling today?"

Sonja smiled. "I'm good," she said, easily falling into the role of patient.

"Good. Could you lay back for me?" he asked as he helped her lay on the table. Sonja got comfortable and then immediately panicked when Ethan opened the right flap of her gown.

"We'll start off with a breast exam," and then Ethan's hands were on Sonja's breasts and she couldn't help her reaction. His touch was sinful, tantalizing and her nipple was beaded hard. She sucked in her breath.

"Did I hurt you?" Ethan asked as his fingers kneaded her breast.

"Only in a good way," Sonja said wanting more. She'd never felt like this when her personal doctor gave her this type of exam. Of course that could have a lot to do with the fact that he was a hundred-years old and not that attractive.

"Good. How does this feel?" he asked when he pinched her nipple. Sonja groaned.

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"Very sensitive," Ethan commented. "Let's try something else." He leaned forward and licked her nipple and Sonja thought she'd jump off the table. It was like lightening striking her down to her pussy.

"Yes, I'd say your nipple is very sensitive, Sonja. Let's check the other one." Ethan lifted the other flap open and ran his fingers over her breast and Sonja closed her eyes. This was the best breast exam she'd ever had. Ethan then began sucking on her nipple moving from her left to right breast. This breast exam moved from one of the things she hated most to do to one of the things she loved the most. Ethan swirled his tongue around her tight bead, nipping at the sensitive flesh and she knew she was getting wet. It had been ages since anyone had licked her nipples.

"This one too," Ethan commented as his mouth popped off her nipple with a smacking sound. "We need to make sure they get lots of attention. It helps fight breast cancer." Sonja was all for that. If she had her way, she'd fight breast cancer every minute of the day.

"All right," Ethan said. "Your breasts look great, Sonja. Let's continue the exam." Right then, he could have done anything to her. She was putty on the table.

"Okay, scoot down here," he said as he pulled out two stirrups from the sides of the table, "and slide your heels in the cups." Sonja moved down, her ass hanging at the end of the table. She put both heels into the stirrup cups and laid back down. She had an idea where this was going and all she could think of was, "I want this exam!" She didn't care that Ethan was her roommate and that she would definitely be kicked out of the house by dinner time. She needed this exam now more than

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she needed the air she was breathing.

"I usually start off an exam by exploring," he said as he stood between her legs looking down at her. He put his hands on her knees and slid them slowly down her thighs, leaving a burning trail of heat as he gently pushed them apart. Sonja let her legs relax and they fell wide open. "I want to make sure all parts are in working order." Sonja smiled. She knew her parts were in working order. They just lacked use.

"Excellent. I normally use lubrication for this...but," he said as his fingers ran down her slit, "I see you're already wet." Ethan watched her face as he slid in a finger and Sonja knew her eyes fell to the back of her head. She focused again and found Ethan watching her, his fingers knowing exactly where they should go. He pushed in hard, his finger sliding all the way to her womb and back out. She wanted to feel that again.

"How is that?" he asked as he gazed upon her face. She knew she was blushing, the heat rising to her skin but she didn't care. The only thing that had been near her pussy in months was her own fingers and a nice gold vibrator and they both had gotten old five minutes after she started. She was in heaven.

"I think you need to do it a lot more," she suggested, "just to be sure it's really working." Ethan cocked his head and complied, sliding his fingers in and out of Sonja's pussy. She tightened her muscles and saw a grin on Ethan's face.

"Good muscles. Use them often?" he asked.

"Not as often as I'd like," she admitted. He nodded.

"I usually do a visual to make sure everything looks normal, the

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way it should." Ethan pulled a stool over and sat between her legs. Sonja sat up on her elbows, wanting to know what he considered a visual.

Ethan's face was mere inches from her pussy and his eyes seemed lost. He glanced up at her and said, "There seems to be something wrong here." Sonja felt an immediate concern.

"What?" she asked. She'd had her real exam less than a month ago. What could be wrong with the body parts she hadn't used in so long?

"This," he said as his finger rubbed over her clit. Sonja smiled as a wave of excitement ran through her body. "It appears swollen. Does it hurt?"

"You have no idea," she said as she laid back.

"Well, lucky for you, I learned a technique in college that will take care of your problem." And then Sonja felt Ethan's tongue swipe across her clit and her body shook.

"I think it's going to need a lot of attention. Do you have somewhere you need to be?" he asked.

"I'm all yours," she said and that was invitation enough. Ethan grabbed her by the thighs and spread her wider than the stirrups, licking her pussy like he couldn't get enough. She couldn't get enough. One minute he was licking with his tongue and then sucking her clit. The next, he had fingers driving into her pussy and then back. He kept it up and Sonja couldn't control her breathing or the orgasm that seemed to gush right out of her. While she was coming, Ethan continued to eat her, adding to the orgasm that was perfect to begin with.

When Sonja felt the last shudder of a climax wash through her, Ethan rolled his stool away from her and sat. Sonja tried to breath, to

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get her breath back and she sat up again on her elbows. Ethan's face was covered with her juice and he was cleaning off his glasses.

"There," he said with a smile. "That problem shouldn't bother you for a while."

"Do you do this with all your patients?" she asked. If he did, they were very lucky but he was going to jail.

"God, no, Sonja. I'd lose my license." He paused looking at her. "I've always wanted to do this. From the moment I saw you."

"What? Eat my pussy?" she asked.

"Yes. I've often wondered what it would be like to play doctor with you. It was amazing." He eyed her breasts that the gown no longer covered and then looked at her pussy. "Your breasts are perfect. Don't ever get implants and that pussy of yours, Sonja, I could eat you all night."

"The way my sex life is going, I might take you up on it," she said casually sighing. Maybe Ethan was the man she should fuck. "You're a good doctor and there is nothing wrong with your technique."

"I know; practice makes perfect," he said smugly.

Sonja looked at the food that her roommates piled on her plate and placed in front of her. She wasn't hungry; she was starving, but it wasn't for food. She wanted each man at the table. Ethan sat to her right, eating as if he hadn't tasted her pussy an hour ago. Doyle sat across from her, drinking a beer. All she could think of was his cock in her mouth that morning.

None of the other roommates said anything to her, even Flynn seated at the end of the table watched her with his hooded eyes. They

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chatted about the mundane but no one told her to pack her bags and leave. In fact, the only tension at the table was hers and hers alone.

"Not hungry, Sonja?" Sean asked. He'd made meatloaf tonight and she really liked his meatloaf.

"Just a little under the weather, I guess," she replied, feeling all seven sets of eyes on her. She looked at each one of them. Some smiled, Doyle winked and Flynn grinned.

Ethan, ever the doctor, patted her hand. "You need some sleep." Maybe he was right because if she stayed there any longer, she was going to beg each man to make love to her in turn, right to left, around the table.

"I'll say goodnight, then." Sonja felt all eyes on her as she left the table. Maybe she should just move out before she did something really stupid.

"Sonja, it's your mother." Sonja froze as if the phone had been surgically attached. The queen never called. This couldn't be good. "Your father and I will be in town tonight and we thought we'd stop by your apartment to see you. We'd like to meet that man you talked about. Good. See you then." Sonja didn't know what she was going to do. She wanted to tell her mother it wasn't just one man, it was seven, but the buzz of an empty line was all Sonja heard. She was in deeper shit than sleeping with her roommates...mother and father was coming.

Sonja's parents weren't aware that she had moved out of the dorm in her freshman year. Nor were they aware that she lived in a house with seven men. If they had found out, they would have whisked into

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town like a conquering army and taken her away from her freedom forever. Sonja had to play it smart and with the help of her friends, she'd come up with a great cover. Any time the king and queen had come to town, Sonja borrowed Scarlet Red's penthouse apartment, pretending it was hers. Usually they had given her a couple days notice for their visits and that gave her time to work the details. Now with less than a day to put it together she'd have to borrow the penthouse again and get some guy to act like her boyfriend.

Shit!

She dialed home and Aidan answered.

"Whose available tonight for an event I'm having tonight?" Sonja asked. Aidan checked the chart one of Sean's students had made him with everyone's name on it. The chart showed each housemates schedule and whether they would be home for dinner. Sean was big on managing the house and dinner plans were important to him.

"From the chart," Aidan said without stuttering, "everyone's gone for the night. Flynn's working, so is Doyle." Sonja sighed in relief. "Sean's got parent's night at the school, Ethan has a tennis game. I haven't seen Carson in days and Wyatt is working at the lab."

"What about you?" she asked. Aidan being bashful around her parent's would make for a dull evening but maybe they'd take the hint and not visit again.

"I was gonna go to the movies but you sound a bit desperate."

"I am," Sonja admitted. "I need a date to meet my parents tonight. Can you do it?" Aidan said nothing but she could hear his breathing. She hoped he wasn't going to hyperventilate at the thought of spending

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time with her.

"Sure. Where and when?"

Sonja opened the door of Scarlet Red's apartment and Aidan walked in as if he owned the place. He looked around, raised a brow but asked no questions.

"It's Scarlet's," she said. He nodded. Since Scarlet hooked up with Wolfe, her boss and Company CEO, she rarely used the apartment anymore. He had been keeping her tied up in more ways than one and preferred she stay at his mansion, which she readily agreed to.

"Nice," he said and went over to pour them a glass of champagne. Sonja followed, admiring the black suit he was wearing. It made him appear taller. His shirt was stark white which made his olive skin seem darker, his short black hair the darkest of black. His blue eyes shown brighter and he didn't seem the least bit bashful being alone with her.

Sonja took a sip and watched Aidan. She'd seen him dressed up plenty but tonight he looked like he took extra care in his appearance. He was drop-dead gorgeous and she was getting hornier by the minute. Aidan watched her over his glass and Sonja looked down at her dress. It was red, the color of her country's flag. She thought she'd do at least one thing right this evening.

"You look beautiful, Sonja," he said as he sat down his glass and took a single step that put him in her space. "What kind of date am I?"

"Boyfriend," Sonja said. "Casual...we have fun together...make it look real but you don't need to over do it." She hadn't had a boyfriend in so long, she wasn't sure she was making sense in setting his boundaries.

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She was pretty sure she didn't really want to set any boundaries with Aidan. He looked too good to pass up. She thought to explain some more when the doorbell rang. Showtime.

"You're parents were nice," Aidan said after closing the door after both Sonja and he walked her parents to the elevator. They had had drinks and then dinner that Sonja had a catering company put together. Sonja had told Aidan that she couldn't cook and as a princess she wasn't expected to learn so she always left that to a caterer. Sean had once put her on cooking detail and learned the hard way that Sonja didn't know her way around a kitchen.

"Thanks and thank you. I could not have done this without you," and she meant every word. Aidan had acted as if they had been dating for months. He knew things about her that surprised her because she thought none of her roommates were paying attention. She learned a lot about him too, like the fact that he touched her every chance he got, putting his arms around her, kissing her and giving her parents quite a show. The first time he kissed her, she froze and he quickly whispered 'act' and she kissed him back. Afterwards, she'd been too stunned to react to his hand rubbing her ass but her body responded, wanting more.

"I know; always the stand-in but never the 'boyfriend'," he said jokingly. Sonja looked up at him while she cleared the table.

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"I'm good enough to be your pretend boyfriend but not the real deal." He didn't seem offended. He was merely stating a fact as he began

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to undo his tie and undid the top button of his starched white shirt.

"We're not supposed to date," Sonja said knowing she'd broken that rule easily.

"Who said anything about dating? I'd rather get to the boyfriend part." He walked over to her and took the plates she was stacking out of her hands and placed them on the table.

"The part where I get to screw your brains out and you enjoy it immensely." Sonja couldn't move. His words painted a picture she wanted to be part of. She'd been denied too long.

"The part where I make you come so many times, you lose count." Her breath caught as Aidan lifted his tie and walked around her, placing the silk material over her eyes and tying it in back. "The part where you're begging me, wanting me to screw you any way I can." She was close to begging now.

"And since I did you a favor tonight, you can repay me in kind," he said as he took her hand and led her willingly towards the bedroom.

"Your friend Scarlet has a kinky streak, Sonja. Did you know that?" Sonja still couldn't get over the fact that bashful Aidan was taking total control over her. Forget trying to worry about Scarlet's fetishes.

"She's given me some ideas," he said as he lowered the zipper of her dress. It fell to the floor leaving her in panties and a garter with her sheer stockings. "The first one is these," and he placed a clamp on her left nipple and another on her right. Sonja sucked in air, feeling an ache in her pussy. "Let's get rid of these." He slid her panties down her legs.

"On the bed," he told her, guiding her towards the step-stool to Scarlet's princess bed and Sonja climbed on. "Lie down and put your

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hands over your head." Sonja did as instructed and waited. She felt the bed sag when Aidan climbed on. "She also left these," and Sonja felt cold metal against her right wrist. She heard a loud click as her left hand was also clamped. She pulled on her arms and found she had very little movement. Aidan had handcuffed her to the headboard.

"If the guys could see you now," Aidan said and Sonja wished the blindfold was off so she could see herself now. "You ready?" Sonja was more than ready. If she was going to go down, she might as well go all the way. She'd messed around with two of her roommates; what was one more?

"Yes," she said softly and then heard a buzzing sound and then felt a vibration as something was placed between her legs. A vibrator she guessed but it didn't really matter because Aidan was holding it and she was helpless to receive every bit of the vibration. Sonja spread her legs.

Aidan chuckled, "You like that, don't you?"

Guiltily as charged, "Yes."

"Good. Try this," and he slid the vibrator inside her easily and she felt her pussy pulsing. She bucked when his tongue licked her clit and then pushed her hips forward so he would suck her more. Her clit was swelling, getting the hardness it gets on its way to exploding and Sonja focused on what she was feeling.

"Let's add a little here," he said as the vibrations came faster. She felt Aidan tug on the clamps, pinching her nipples tighter. Aidan ran his tongue over the enlarged nipples and the painful pleasure washed through her. She couldn't focus or concentrate. He was hitting her from every angle.

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"This is one of my favorites," he said as he pushed her knees toward her chest. She felt a cold lubrication around her ass and then quickly inside her. She squeezed tightly and felt little resistance as a smooth rod slid into her ass and began to vibrate. She could feel the two vibrators inside her, moving against each other. She was going to come soon. Aidan put her feet back down so her legs were bent, the heels of her pumps caught in the bedspread. He licked her clit again.

"Didn't think I had it in me, did you?" Aidan asked as he licked her again. Actually no, she hadn't. She'd never thought this mild-mannered bashful man would do something like this. She was happy to be wrong. "It's the quiet ones you need to watch out for, Sonja." As he took the vibrator out of her pussy she felt his cock rub against her entrance. She wanted that cock pumping into her.

"I know you want this," he said moving the head of his cock down her wet slit and back up. "I know you've been thinking about this moment for a long time." He had no idea how long she's wanted to make love to him. "Tell me the truth," he said as he pulled away, "or I'll leave you at the edge until it drives you insane."

Sonja had been at the edge for a very long time. She was already close to insanity. She'd tell him national secrets of her father's kingdom if it would get bring her the ultimate satisfaction.

"I want you," she said breathlessly. I have from the beginning."

"Good girl, Sonja because I've wanted you for a very long time," and he slid his hard cock inside her pussy, pushing all the way in. Sonja held her breath, relishing in the fullness of Aidan. "From the moment I laid eyes on you," he said as he pulled back out, "I've wanted to fuck you."

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"Oh, God," Sonja said as he moved again. She could feel the rod in her ass vibrating harder as Aidan's cock rubbed against it. The shock waves pulsed, her clit swelling as Aidan slammed into her again. She lost focus as everything began to mesh together into a mass of sensations. Her nipples tightened and another shot of pain made her gasp as she climaxed. Aidan kept pumping inside her, fucking her hard. Sonja held her breath as blackness descended behind her eyes, her body a vessel of pleasure and pain and Aidan the master of it.

She twisted and turned, bucking her hips, bowing her back, her pussy quivering. She could hear Aidan's breath turn ragged as he continued to slam into her. He had his cock at an angle, stroking one spot repeatedly and she felt another orgasm start. She wanted to laugh. The quiet one was going to make her scream.

And she did as her G-spot lit up and she came again, yelling a group of unintelligible words as Aidan came. She felt his weight as he collapsed, his breath still coming in pants.

"Watch out for the quiet ones, Sonja," and he kissed her as he pulled his cock out. He unlocked her arms and she felt him get off the bed. She didn't know how long she laid there but she heard the front door open and close. She still couldn't move and the vibrator in her ass was still humming.

Sonja sat on the side of the road, sitting in her Jaguar XR33. She looked at the gauges, wondering what the hell was wrong with her car. She was driving home when she saw the oil light go on, the engine light illuminated and her gas gauge dropped to empty before she barely

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made it to the shoulder of the road. She pulled out her cell phone to call triple AAA but didn't dial the number. She didn't want to wait for them to come get her. She just wanted to go home, shower and crawl in bed. She'd had a long day and after a night of dinner with her parents and getting beautifully screwed by Aidan, all she wanted was sleep.

She dialed the house and got Sean.

"My car broke down," she told the grand master of their home.

"Where?" he asked. Sonja gave him all the details. "Somebody will be there shortly."

Sonja waited about twenty minutes when she saw a truck pull up behind her. It was Sean's black Chevy. She'd know that truck anywhere but Sean didn't get out of the driver's seat. Carson did, which surprised her. The man never left the house.

"What can I do for 'ya, little lady?" he asked when he got to her car door. Sonja glanced up at the beatnik. His long hair fell in black waves around his face, his green eyes glowing dark in the night.

Sonja laughed. "I'm surprised to see you out."

"Yeah, well Sean doesn't know shit about cars except how to drive them so I came to see what the problem is. Pop the hood." Sonja did and Carson tinkered around for a while, finally dropping the hood.

"You're low on oil, your spark plugs look shot and I'm not sure about your carburetor." Sonja was ready to cry. She didn't need this added aggravation.

"Can I just leave it here tonight and get it in the morning?" she asked. She just wanted to go home.

"I'll call for a tow truck and have them come get the car. Some

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mechanic can look at it tomorrow." While Sonja collected her things he pulled out his cell phone and began talking to the towing company.

"Come, milady, your chariot awaits," Carson said as he opened her door and took her bags. Sonja was impressed. Carson always seemed so nonchalant about things that this behavior was charmingly funny.

He helped her into the truck and ran around to the other side and hopped in. He took off down the highway like a speeding bullet but when he didn't turn towards their house, Sonja asked where were they going.

"I don't get out much. I thought maybe I could show you a place I used to hang out as a kid," he said as he glanced over at her.

Sonja wanted to go home but being alone with Carson was rather nice. He wasn't a big talker but she liked being around him.

"What do you do?" Sonja asked. It was a puzzling part of Carson that no one seemed able to answer.

"Do? Nothing actually," he said in a small laugh.

"How do you make money? I mean, I know you have money." But she had noticed he didn't have a car or a lot of material possessions.

"Ah." He looked over at her as he turned a corner. "Been wondering about that, have you?"

"Well, sure. No one talks about you and what you do. I've always wondered," she commented.

Carson was quiet for a while and Sonja wondered if she offended him.

"I went to MIT when I was fifteen." That fact surprised her. "I was in one of those gifted programs." That surprised her even more. Carson

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didn't act like he had a lot of brain cells but Sonja realized that she really didn't know Carson.

"I have always been drawn to science so I spent a lot of time in the lab and produced a drug that counters the effect of marijuana."

"What do you mean 'counters the effect'?"

"After smoking some J, you take this pill and all traces of the drug flush out of your system within twenty-four hours."

"You're kidding?" she asked. She knew people in college who would pay good money for this type of drug.

"No. Actually I presented my thesis on the drug and its capabilities. I had pharmaceutical companies chomping at the bit with job offers and requests to market the drug but the FDA bought the patent...for a lot more money than it was worth. They've never put it on the market. So I market it myself"

"So you live off the patent?"

"Hell no...that money's tucked away nicely, as you know," he said with a smile. When Sonja didn't smile back, he said, "You handle my account."

"Your account?" she asked. Could the night get any weirder?

"Yeah, my company is called 'Sleep USA,'" he said grinning at her. "In fact, you handle all our roommates' money."

"I do?" she asked dumbfounded. She knew 'Sleep USA' had money; she just never knew where the money had come from and who owned it.

"Yeah," he said still grinning. "We knew the moment you walked in the door that you were a woman capable of great things."

"And you knew that how?" When she'd shown up at the house,

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she'd been nineteen, on her own for the first time. She wasn't even sure what she was capable of.

"The fact that you'd live with seven men meant you weren't afraid of a challenge. The fact that you were hired by the biggest financial firm in the U.S. spurred us to move our money there. And the fact it's been four years and you haven't given in to temptation and screwed any of us yet." Sonja wondered if Carson was the one who left the drawing in the bathroom. She wondered if he knew about Doyle and Ethan. Could he possibly know what she did with Aidan tonight?

Carson pulled to a stop and parked the truck. He turned off the lights and then turned towards her.

"Or am I wrong?" he asked.

"About what?" she asked innocently.

"That you haven't screwed any of us yet." He leaned back, resting one arm on the back of the seat, the other on the steering wheel. Sonja looked over at him. He had on a T-shirt that was thread-worn and jeans that had more holes than Swiss cheese. With his long hair blowing lightly in the wind he looked good enough to eat.

"I..." she started to say. If she admitted she'd made love to one of their roommates, she was in trouble.

"Come here," he said and Sonja watched his face in the dark. She couldn't read what was there. She scooted closer to him.

"Closer," he told her. She slid over until her hip hit his leg. "Closer."

"I'll be in your lap," she said lightly.

"Exactly. You ever make out in a truck before, Princess?" Sonja felt her body tighten at the mention of her title. She thought she'd done a

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good job concealing who she was. Her last name, 'White' was common enough and her families PR rep never announced where Sonja went to school.

"How did you know?" Very few people in the United States knew who she was.

"The same way I know you've been screwing our roommates. I watch, Sonja. I listen to what's *not* said. Everyone thinks I'm some dumb-ass pothead who hasn't a clue. Now, get over here and kiss me." Sonja wasn't sure what to do with all the information he'd dumped on her but kissing was something she could handle. She moved forward and Carson pulled her the rest of the way into his arms. She melted into his warm, soft lips. Sonja hadn't kissed Doyle or Ethan. Aidan's kisses had been a show for her parents. Kissing Carson was like tasting heaven.

She leaned closer, moving so she straddled his thighs and soon they were necking like high-school teens on their first date. Sonja's tongue entwined with Carson's, each pushing the other on. She ran her hands over his broad shoulders, feeling the muscles bunch and bulge under his shirt. She didn't know how he got them; sleeping as much as he did but she loved the feel of them.

Carson's hands roamed over her back, down to her hips and her thighs. He stopped at the edge of her dress and then slid his hands back up, the silky material riding high until his hands were back on her hips.

"You seem to be missing your panties," he commented when they broke for air. Sonja hadn't been able to find them after Aidan left. She thought he might have taken them as a souvenir.

"Yes," she replied and kissed Carson again. He pulled back.

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"Did somebody beat me to your pussy tonight?" he asked. Sonja froze. "It had to be Aidan. He was in such a fucking good mood when he got home." Sonja didn't say a word when Carson bucked up quickly and threw her down onto the passenger seat so she was on her back.

"And I don't care," he said as he kissed her neck and then down to the cleavage of her dress.

"Me either," Sonja admitted as her hands found his belt and began to undo the buckle. She made quick work of the button and zipper of his jeans and felt the heat of his cock. It was long and smooth and she wanted it.him...it. She guided it towards her pussy and placed the head at her entrance. He didn't wait as he slammed into her. She was wet, either previously from Aidan or now from Carson. It no longer mattered. Having Carson inside was the only objective now.

He moved in and slid out and Sonja zoned, no longer caring who was making love to her. She just wanted to feel.

"Christ," Carson said as he slid the straps of her dress off her shoulders. "This is better than smoking weed."

Sonja let out a sigh. If she'd known her roommates had wanted her, she definitely would have done this sooner.

"You're not stoned right now, are you?" she asked. She'd didn't want him to want her if he was high. She wanted him to be thinking straight.

"No but making love to you is making me high. Damn!" And he slammed back in.

She let out a groan as his mouth found her nipple and his enlarged shaft kept her pussy busy. She wished she'd had sex in a car

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a long time ago. She hoped they didn't get caught by the police...or their roommates.

"Your car is ready," Carson said when he walked into the kitchen the next morning. After screwing her close to blind because once hadn't been enough, he'd driven Sonja home acting like nothing happened. She was too tired to talk to any of the guys and went to take a shower and get some sleep.

"Thanks," Sonja said. It was Saturday morning and she wished she was still in bed but with one of the guys.

"I can drop you off if you like," Wyatt said putting down his coffee cup. "I've got to go the greenhouse today." Sonja knew Wyatt was working on a new allergy medication and continued to test it on himself. He'd been afflicted with allergies since he was a kid, constantly sneezing, and he spent a lot of time researching and testing various methods to stop the problem. So far, nothing had worked.

"That would be great," Sonja said as she cleaned up her plate and cup. She may not be able to cook but she knew how to load the dish washer. "Give me ten to get ready."

Wyatt drove his Lexus like it was made for cruising. Sonja reclined into the soft buttery leather seat, feeling strangely aroused. She couldn't seem to help herself. Granted, Wyatt was handsome but today he looked like a model for men's underwear and he was fully dressed.

"You're watching me," he said, his eyes checking the road and then her legs. He glanced upward with a leer. She'd made a good choice

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picking this sundress.

"I am," she admitted as she drank in the image of the man next to her. His short brown hair was pushed to one side. He had hazel eyes that sometimes looked green or gold or brown, depending on what he was wearing. Today his denim colored polo and jeans made his eyes look green.

"Are you okay?" he asked as he glanced back to the road, revealing his profile to her. His nose was perfect, his lips full, soft and gentle.

Making love to him seemed like the only thing she wanted to do right now. "I feel rather warm," Sonja said feeling her body heating up. She started to squirm in the seat, turning her head left and right against the headrest. "Can we turn on the air?"

"The air is on," he replied.

She could feel the fan blowing but the cool air instantly heated against her skin. She hoped she wasn't getting sick. "I feel..." she trailed off. She wasn't sick. Her body was warming up as if a man's tongue had licked every part of her skin. Her pussy felt swollen. Her nipples felt as if someone had just been sucking on them.

"You feel...? What?" Wyatt asked.

Sonja looked over at Wyatt, wanting him right then. "Aroused," she purred seductively.

"Good," he said when he touched an atomizer that stuck out of his cigarette lighter.

A soft scent hit the air and Sonja felt like her body had been hit with a thousand pin-pricks of excitement. She felt her body shiver and her breasts tighten. Her nipples pushed hard against the low cut top.

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She sucked in another lungful and felt it all the way down to her pussy. "It's divine," she said as she squeezed her legs together. "What is it?"

"It's something I've been working on. Would you like to see more?" he asked and Sonja nodded. She wanted him to take her some place, any place. She wanted that scent to wash over her skin. She wanted it in every pore. She couldn't get enough. The heady fragrance made her want to screw like rabbits.

He led her down the path to the greenhouse, holding her hand tightly. When they reached the door, Wyatt ushered her through. The scent that had filled the air in the car washed over her like a wave. She turned to Wyatt and saw he was just as affected by the scent.

"I call it 'White'," he said as his eyes washed over her body. Sonja wished she was naked. "I named it for you." She didn't answer, couldn't answer because she was lurching towards him, throwing her arms around his neck and kissing his lips. Wyatt fell back against the door, catching them before they fell. He turned them around, slamming Sonja's back into the door.

Neither spoke as they started to strip off each others clothes, kissing every piece of skin that was exposed. Sonja's dress fell first, leaving her in a pair of panties that Wyatt yanked off in one tug. His shirt was pulled over his shoulders just as fast. Sonja fell to her knees, taking Wyatt's jeans down with her and pulling them off with his shoes. She didn't hesitate grabbing his cock and running her tongue over it. It hardened even more and she wanted to feel him inside her.

He lifted her up, pushing her back against the door. "I want to

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make love to you, Sonja." She wrapped her legs around Wyatt's hips feeling his manhood ready to push in but he hesitated.

"Don't stop, Wyatt!" Sonja growled, wanting to feel him inside now.

"I'm not sneezing." Sonja didn't care if the apocalypse came right now, she wanted to be fucked more than she cared that he wasn't sneezing. "This scent is the reason. It has one side effect, though." She didn't care if she would die after they made love, just as long as they did. "It makes you horny." That's all that mattered.

"Bottle it, sell it, but make love to me first!" she said as she grabbed Wyatt's shaft with her hand and pushed him in. He finished the rest in one fluid motion and Sonja saw stars. Damn if his scent wasn't amazing. She could survive for days on this stuff. In fact, she wanted to screw for days, with each and every roommate she had.

"Make love to me, Wyatt!" she started to yell, louder with each word. "Harder! Harder!" she yelled at the top of her lungs and Wyatt kept going, his cock slamming into her quivering entrance like he was punching her. She'd never been screwed so hard but she didn't want him to stop and he didn't until he came. He pulled out, lowering her legs to the ground and kneeling between them.

"Sorry," he said, as his tongue licked her clit. "I can't keep an erection long on this stuff. It's potent." His tongue was just as potent because Sonja was coming soon, his fingers replacing his cock in her pussy, pushing just as hard. She groaned, moaned and thrashed about as Wyatt sucked her clit ruthlessly.

When he pulled back, Sonja fell to the ground and Wyatt wrapped his arms around her, holding her as her body shook with the tiny

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orgasms that ran through her veins. Her pussy was still clenching, dripping onto her thighs.

"Jesus," Sonja panted, "that stuff is unbelievable."

"Yeah and it's entirely your fault."

After they dressed Wyatt dropped Sonja off to pick up her car. As she drove home she thought of all the wonderful experiences she had over the past few days with her room mates. It was perfect, too perfect, and she just didn't know how long it would last before she was found out and forced to move. As she drove into the driveway she noticed there were no cars. That meant she had the house to herself, a rare situation at best and one she knew she would enjoy. She would make herself dinner and relax.

Sonja rinsed off another plate and put it into the dishwasher. She could wash the dishes but she knew the dishwasher was faster and would probably use less water than she would. She grabbed a cup, rinsing it out when her hips were pushed into the counter.

"Sonja," Flynn said as his arms wrapped around her body and grabbed hold of the counter. "Where is everyone?" Sonja tilted her head to the left and saw a mischievous grin on his face. He was such a goof ball.

"It's Saturday night, Flynn. I'm surprised you're not out yourself" After the week she'd had, she was ready for bed.

"And yet, you stay home and wash the dishes," he said playfully as his fingers ran over the soapy bubbles on her arm.

"It's been a long week, Flynn."

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"I bet. You've been avoiding me ever since I caught you with Doyle's cock in your mouth." Sonja knew exactly where this was going. Flynn wanted his reward for keeping his mouth shut. She'd wondered how long it was going to take Flynn to make a move.

"Nonsense, Flynn. I've been nothing but kind to you."

"I don't want you kind or sweet, Sonja. I want you down and dirty and I want you right now." Nothing about that sounded goofy. It sounded hot. Sonja shifted, trying to turn to look at Flynn when he spun her around. His hair was tied up and he wasn't wearing a shirt. Sonja didn't utter a word as every muscle of his chest beckoned her to touch it. She leaned forward and licked his nipple.

"That's what I'm talking about," he said as Sonja put her mouth around his nipple and sucked hard, running her tongue over his hard nub. "Yeah," he groaned as he pulled her T-shirt out of her jeans and over her head, dropping it on the floor. His hands moved quickly to her jeans, unbuttoning and pushing them down. Sonja flicked them off her feet.

"Christ, you're beautiful, Sonja," he said as he picked her up and placed her on the kitchen table in the spot she'd been clearing.

"Not the table, Flynn," she whined looking at the mess she'd made.

"Oh, yeah, the table," and he yanked at her panties and pulled them down her legs. Flynn sat in a chair and moved forward, forcing Sonja to spread her legs wide.

"You're a meal fit for a king, baby." Flynn pulled her hips forward so her pussy was right at the edge. "And I'm hungry." Flynn moved in, eating Sonja like it was his last meal. She leaned back, ignoring the dirty

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plates and food. Flynn had her attention, her clit was being sucked for dear life and that was more important than worrying about breaking a dish or getting food in her hair.

She lay back, spreading her legs wider as Flynn ate. He was good, very good, driving his tongue into her almost like it was a cock, running it along the walls of her pussy. He slid a finger into her moisture and then trailed it down to her ass, wetting the hole. She squeezed her ass tight as his fingers ran circles around the puckered rim. Sonja wanted his finger to push inside her.

Flynn sucked her like she'd sucked Doyle's cock, with perfection. He taunted her, bringing her close to climax several times and pulling back. Sonja was getting frustrated, feeling an orgasm so close she could taste it.

"You want to come?" he asked, teasing her.

"Damn straight," she said, pushing her flaming pussy into his face. With her feet she lifted her hips off the table, wanting him to finish what he started.

"You certainly made me wait long enough." His finger was rubbing her hard nub sending an exquisite pain through her body. "How does payback feel?"

"What the hell was I supposed to do? Suck you off and then do everyone in turn?" Funny, she wondered, but isn't that what's been happening all week?

"Everyone else had their turn, Sonja...now's mine." Sonja thanked God that Flynn was going to give her an orgasm because she felt like she was dying. He stood and unbuckled his belt. "And payback is a

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bitch." He slipped into her and Sonja's body slid on the smooth surface, knocking plates and cups off the table.

Flynn pulled her body back to the edge of the table again and Sonja wrapped her legs around him.

"Play with your tits," he said and Sonja lifted her bra off her breasts. Her nipples were hard and ready and she squeezed them tightly. She could feel the pain all the way to her pussy. Flynn rode against her hard and the table shifted.

"Suck my finger," he told her and she leaned her head up. He slid his finger into her mouth and she pretended it was his cock, getting it as moist as she would if it had been the real thing. He pulled his finger out and she watched him as he slid it into her ass. She was in heaven.

"You gonna come?" he asked tauntingly as he moved forward and reared back. "Gonna come for me, Sonja?" She said nothing, grunting as his body rammed hers. "Do the work, Sonja. Make love *to* me."

She squeezed her pelvic muscles each time he moved forward, feeling him pass over the sweet spot. The more she squeezed the sweeter the sensations and she felt her pussy quivering. Flynn was leaning over her, his hips jerking into her, his finger dancing in her ass and his other hand pushing on her clit. Sonja screamed, grabbing her breasts and twisting her nipples hard, coming like a rain storm.

When Flynn started to come, he grabbed her hips and held her still, thrusting deeply into her. His head fell onto her chest and she listened to his shallow breath as she tried to get her own.

"Best meal I've had all week," he said as he pulled out. Flynn pulled his jeans up and buttoned them. He looked at Sonja who had become a

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part of the table, meshed in between all the dinnerware strewn about the table. He leaned over and licked a nipple that beaded hard under his tongue. He sucked her breast into his mouth, running his tongue over the nipple.

"Mmm, desert is even better," he said as he let go, walking away.

Sonja lay on the table unable to move. Her body was tired. She ached. The table hurt her ass and Flynn, the adorable funny man, had just made love to her like a stallion. She glanced around the kitchen and saw the mess they'd made. Damn!

Sonja hid out in her bedroom on Sunday, not wanting to face any of her roommates. In a matter of days, she'd managed to fuck and suck all of her roommates except for one and when Sean found out, she was going to be kicked out of the house. She knew the rules and had obeyed them for years. But none of it mattered because this week had been the best sex she'd ever had and she wouldn't trade it for anything in the world.

She decided she would tell Sean about what had happened, saying it was all her fault and pack her bags. She needed to go. She wanted each man too much to stay and go back to the way things were before. When she thought of each of them, their faces and bodies, the way they made love, she thought it was a fantasy. Each was so different in personality and the things they liked to do to her were exciting. She loved each and every moment and wanted more but she couldn't live by Sean's rule anymore. It was time to go.

Sonja didn't confess to Sean when he called her at work on Monday.

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In fact, she didn't get much in edgewise when he told her to meet him at his school at four sharp that afternoon. When she asked what the meeting was about, he abruptly cut her short, telling her she better be there. She spent the rest of the day picturing the happy-go-lucky man spewing her name in derision. She couldn't blame him but she still prepared her defense and was prepared to use it when she stepped through the doorway of his school.

The halls were empty and the secretary had gone home by the time she found the Principal's office. She said 'hello', hoping someone would notice she was out here.

"Sonja?" Sean's voice bellowed from his office and then the man himself appeared in the doorway. He looked handsome wearing his double-breasted suit and the silk tie with the monogrammed school crest. His hair was perfectly placed and he towered over her by almost a foot. "Get in here."

Sonja moved around the secretary's desk and walked into Sean's office. He closed the door behind her. She moved to sit at one of the chairs before his desk when he stopped her.

"Don't sit; you're not going to be here long." Right then she knew that Sean knew about her and their roommates. She wanted to leave but she had a few things to say to Sean.

"Can you tell me what the hell is going on?" Sean asked as he walked by her to his desk. She watched him open a drawer and pull out a ruler. He closed it and moved towards her.

"I'm not sure what you're asking me, Sean." Sonja knew she was guilty but she wasn't giving anything away.

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"I'm not asking you anything, Sonja. I'm telling you I know why everyone's been acting crazy." Sonja kept quiet. "It's because of you." He moved close behind her and she felt his heat.

"Lean on the desk," he commanded. Sonja looked at him sharply and saw he wasn't being Mr. Nice-guy. He was dead serious. She leaned forward, bracing her hands on the edge of the desk. "Push your ass out." Sonja wasn't sure if she heard him right but a smack on her ass told she had. She pushed her ass out.

"It's because of you," Sean said as he lifted the skirt of her dress and held it at the small of her back, "that everyone in the house is acting funny and that's because they all want to screw you. And funny, I should learn today, that they all actually did." Sonja started to reply when a knock hit the door.

"Enter," Sean yelled and the door opened. Sonja turned and saw Carson walk through first, then Doyle, Flynn, Ethan, Wyatt and finally Aidan. They moved around behind Sean's desk so she could see them all.

"Good; now everyone's here," Sean said as he smacked Sonja's ass hard with the ruler. She yelled.

"Quiet, Sonja. None of this would have happened if it hadn't been for you traipsing through the house like a whore looking for work." Sonja felt like somebody had just slapped her.

"I never," she started when Flynn said, "That's enough, Sean."

"No, I haven't even begun. And you," he said looking at the others, "each of you jumped at the chance to screw her. Christ, all of you knew the rule." Sean smacked Sonja again. She didn't yell, but God, how she

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wanted to.

"I don't like it when my rules are broken and when my students break the rules, I discipline them."

"I am not your student," Sonja said.

"No, you're my roommate and the rules apply to you too."

"You going to smack all of us?" Carson asked. He was probably as big as Sean but meatier.

"No, just Sonja. If it wasn't for her tight little ass and bountiful breasts, life would be just fine. But no, each of you had to screw her and ruin everything."

"You're being an ass, Sean," Ethan said while Sonja had her ass spanked again.

"What did you expect her to do, Sean?" Doyle asked. "She hasn't been with any guy in ages and it's our fault."

Sonja looked at Doyle, wondering what these men had done.

"Shit, Sean, we ran off every man she dated because we wanted her for ourselves. It's not her fault. It's ours."

Reality fell onto Sonja. She hadn't been the reason the men she'd dated never called back. It had been her roommates.

"And you're just being a dick because you haven't gotten the opportunity to be with her yourself" Aidan wasn't bashful at all when he said that.

"Maybe you're right," Sean said as he threw the ruler on the desk. "We'll rectify that problem right now." Sonja didn't think Sean would do it but he unbuttoned his pants and pulled down his zipper. He couldn't really mean to fuck her in front of their roommates. When his hand

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pulled down her panties and slipped between her legs, she found out she was wrong. And she was glad because that ruler had made her wet.

Sonja glanced at each man, their eyes on her and she saw what had attracted her to each and every one of them. She'd been attracted to them for years and now she knew she was in love with them and she wanted them and she wanted Sean to make love to her in front of them.

He pushed in but even as wet as Sonja was, he didn't get very far. Sean was huge. He pushed slower and her body relaxed around his cock as she watched the men eyeing her. She probably should have been embarrassed having an audience but she knew these men; had been with each one of them and she wanted them even more now. Sean pushed deeper and Sonja spread her legs wider, lifting her ass for a better angle as Sean's beefy member filled her up.

"You like that Sonja?" he asked. She looked at every man and then turned her head towards Sean.

"Please fuck me, Sean," and he did, pushing her hips so hard against the wooden desk she swore she'd be bruised in minutes. Sonja let him make love to her, wanted him to make love to her. She wanted each man to line up right behind Sean and do the same. She was dazed, her fantasies of these seven men crashing down around her. She closed her eyes as a wave claimed her, rushing over her down to her toes. She collapsed on the desk.

Sean leaned forward, his tall body still towering over her as she lay on the desktop.

"You've made love to all of us Sonja. Now choose," Sean said. Sonja pushed herself up slowly and Sean pulled out of her.

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"Well, we didn't technically 'make love,'" Doyle said. "She gave me a blow-job."

"How was it?" Carson asked. Doyle's grin said it all.

"And I didn't make love to Sonja, though she did come beautifully," Ethan said as he smiled at her.

"Choose, Sonja."

Sonja looked around at the seven men, stopping with Sean.

"No."

"Pick one, Sonja so we can get on with our lives." She looked around again.

"No. Our lives will never be the same and I still won't choose." She paused and then looked back at Sean. "It's all of you or none of you."

Each man looked at the others. They seemed to be speaking silently as eyebrows lifted, grins appeared with a few smiles.

"All then," Sean said easily. "One for each day of the week."

"I get tonight," Doyle said. "I was the first one and since we have gone through everyone, I'm next." That made sense so everyone agreed.

Sonja drove home with seven vehicles following her. She somehow thought Doyle wasn't going to get his wish of being alone with her tonight. She was pretty sure six other men would be joining them, not that she minded.

"Sonja, it's your mother." Sonja sighed. Nothing could get her down these days.

"We're having a get together in town and we'd like you to come...and bring that delicious young man we met during our last visit."

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Sonja smiled.

"Actually, mother, I'm dating several men right now."

"Several? Oh, what happened to that man we met?"

"Oh, I'm still dating him. I've just been dating some others too."

"Well, fine, bring a date and..."

"Actually, mother, I'll bring them all. I don't like to play favorites."

At the company party, she was the envy of every woman having seven men at her beck and call.

"How many shall I expect you to bring?" the queen asked, sounding annoyed.

"Seven." Sonja smiled as she heard her mother gasp when she hung up the phone.

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